

Of interest to the student body as a whole and, in particular, to the students of political history, is the forthcoming series of three lectures to be delivered in Convocation Hall Monday, Nov. 6, Tuesday, Nov. 7, and Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8:30, by Dr. Alfred Zimmern, Professor of International Relations, Oxford University, and the Director of the Geneva School of International Studies, on the subject, "Foreign Policy of Great Britain." While his earlier studies and books dealt with the Greek and Roman civilizations, and a later book on "Greek Essayists," he has recently turned his attention to modern problems. Students are admitted free upon presentation of their registration cards.





## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

Editor-in-Chief ..... Chas. A. Perkins  
Managing Editor ..... Tom Costigan  
Associate Editor ..... Douglas McDermid  
Associate Editor ..... Chris Jackson  
Associate Editor ..... Wm. Epstein  
Women's Editor ..... Magdalena Polley  
News Editor ..... John Corley  
Sports Editor ..... Cos Jackman  
Asst. Sports Editor ..... George F. Casper  
Feature Editor ..... John Garrett  
Casseroles ..... Ted Bishop  
Proof Editor ..... Harvey Johnston  
Exchange ..... Bob Scott  
Asst. Exchange ..... T. MacNab  
Librarian ..... Mary Smith

## BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager ..... Jack Tuck  
Advertising Manager ..... Ed. Davidson  
Circulation Manager ..... Bruce Whittaker

## LITTLE SLAM

The Parliament of Canada has recently added a new section to the Criminal Code which is of special interest to University students. (Perhaps Mr. Bennett really doesn't like us.) This section provides that any person who throws a "stink" bomb in any public place must perform spend two years of his seventy confined in a penal institution. All discretion has been taken from the judge; if a conviction is made the minimum sentence must be two years, and the maximum sentence is five. Apparently the legislators considered that a judge would not be capable of inflicting a just punishment for such a heinous crime, although in cases of rape, forgery, incest, piracy, taking part in an illegal assembly, bigamy, or even breaking the seventh commandment, they have left the punishment to his judgment, and in such case he may even suspend the sentence. Next year the Parliament of Canada will probably rectify their omission and add lashes, and then they can truthfully say, "the punishment fits the crime." Canada now has the honor of having the most stupid piece of legislation that has ever been passed in criminal law.

—D. M.

## POLITICAL CLUBS AND POLITICIANS

First founded about a year ago, the political clubs of the University of Alberta have in the past months registered a quite remarkable growth, probably reflecting in this a live and growing interest on the part of the students in the political and economic events of the world around us. Such a growing interest is, we believe, a most encouraging sign. We have been told, perhaps too often, that it is to the youth of today that the world looks for the solution of its problems. If this be so even in the slightest degree, it should logically follow that the university student of today is destined to be the leader in every phase of life tomorrow. Unfortunately a university education has all too often in the past meant that the recipient of this education has for four or five years been almost completely shut off from the current of world events, the result being that at best it takes some time after graduation to get in touch once again. In so far as this is concerned we believe the growth of the political clubs will have a most beneficial result.

However, there is one feature of these clubs which we consider a most unfortunate one, though it is probably only a reflection of a situation which is far too prevalent through this country as a whole. We refer to the fact that the members of each particular political club seem to be interested only in the viewpoints expressed by the leaders of the political party which they represent, and seem entirely to have forgotten that any other point of view exists or can exist. Thus the Conservative Club hears prominent Conservative leaders, the Economic Reconstruction Group hears talks by some of the more prominent leaders of the C.C.F., the Liberal Club, which has just been formed, opened its series of meetings, naturally enough, with a speech by the provincial Liberal leader, but has not shown any inclination to depart from the traditional procedure of the campus political clubs. Such a tradition is, as we have already suggested, probably only a logical outgrowth of the "dog-eat-dog" type of politics with which this country is cursed today. There is far more energy expended in Canada in attempts to discredit opposing political parties than in attempts to arrive at some sane and logical solution of the admittedly desperate situation which faces this country at the present moment. Many politicians are far more interested in gaining or retaining power by hook or by crook than they are in the ultimate solution of the country's problems or the welfare of its people as a whole.

There are probably many contributing causes to this unfortunate situation, but we believe one of them is the fact that most political adherents have at best a very hazy or very distorted view of the policies and views of their political opponents. Not only does this lead to misunderstandings between the adherents of the parties themselves, but it makes it easier for party leaders to play upon this ignorance and give totally erroneous reports of their opponents' policies.

As long as our University political clubs persist in following the policy of learning more and more about their own viewpoints, and less and less about the viewpoints of others, they will not only form a part of but will augment this vicious circle. We see in the continuation and extension of this policy a danger that our political clubs will become simply local recruiting stations and ballyhoo agencies for the various parties they represent. Of course, this may be the object which their backers have in view, but we hope not—such is not our idea of the type of political club for a university campus.

We would suggest, then, that the executives and members of the different clubs make a real and sincere effort to find out and understand the "other fellows'" point of view. The Conservative Club might, for instance, learn far more about the real policies of the C.C.F. from one of the C.C.F. speakers than from one of their own party, and the reverse is likewise true. Instead of condemning your opponent's policy, simply because his views do not coincide with yours, let him outline his policies himself.

We have no intention of suggesting that it is



Paternal Parent—So you want to marry my daughter? Are you able to support a family?  
Bill Holloway—I think so.  
Father—Think again, young man. There are seven of us.

The mathematical ability of our Dent students has never been properly recognized, but, boy, how those guys can extract the square root.

John Corley—What makes your girl so freckled?  
Tom Costigan—She used some of that sun-tan cream, and it curdled.

It's nice to know your girl is charming, but it's wise to find out whom.

There was a young lady from Crewe  
Who ran to catch the 2:2;  
Said the porter, "Don't hurry,  
Or worry or flurry,  
It's a minute or 2222.

Marg Smith—You say your sister makes up jokes?  
A humorist, eh?  
Mary Smith—No, she works in a beauty parlor.

Grad—I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me.  
Undergrad—And you found it?  
Grad—I'll say. I'm in the hole now.

Many, after a peach, only gets the razzberry.

There's a saying both witty and sage,  
We accept it without a demur:  
A co-ed stops telling her age  
When her age begins telling on her.

Albert Raber—If you keep looking at me like that I am going to kiss you.

Marg Masters—Well, I can't hold this expression much longer.

Professor—What steps would you take if you saw a dangerous lion on the campus?  
Clare Malcolm—Long ones.

T. W. E. Henry—Why are your socks inside out?  
Lawrence Wilkinson—My feet were so hot I turned the hose on them.

Eddie Foy—I don't know which Pembinito to take to the dance.  
Carmen McKim—Why don't you flip a coin?  
Eddie—I did, but it didn't turn out right.

Engineer—This blueberry pie looks queer.  
House Ecker—Maybe I put in too much bluing.

Arnold (coily)—Chicken croquettes, please.  
Waiter (to kitchen)—Fowl ball!

necessary to agree with the arguments of your political opponent, but why not at least learn of them first hand? By following some plan of this kind the political clubs of the University of Alberta can make a real contribution to the amelioration of a state of affairs which is today ruining the political life of Canada.

—L. L. A.

## GRAND SLAM

We wholeheartedly congratulate Lyle Jestley and his executive for having presented so daring and controversial a subject at an open meeting of the Political Science Club. The speaker probably anticipated the controversial nature of the discussion, and sensed the antagonism of the meeting, but in lecturing to a University audience he could not have expected the futile and unscholarly nature of the criticism.

Any suggestion that he was a Hitler propagandist ought to have been dispelled by his reserved and intelligent review of the situation. German political and economic history since the war was dealt with accurately and without unreasonable bias.

Our quarrel is with the ineffectual nature of the discussion following the speaker. It is weak criticism to take an unrelated sentence from the work of an impassioned individual as Herr Hitler and proceed to condemn the whole system.

There seemed to be an opinion that Dr. Hemming was a Nazi propagandist, and as one speaker commented, they came to the meeting ready to pick a fight.

The first questioner, while presenting his criticism in a most polished manner, took exception to a statement made by the Nazis leader in his autobiography, which in its outrageous savagery was only laughable. To attempt to defend it would have been foolish and futile, and Dr. Hemming placed it in its proper category. However, he was astute enough to realize that the speaker was not using his question as an argument, but as a lead to an intelligent discussion, and paid him a compliment in asking him to continue the argument in private.

It was unfortunate that the meeting adopted a small town attitude, and refused to view the situation from an unprejudiced point of view. We have listened to enough anti-German propaganda to discount it pretty heavily. We have seen too many pictures of German soldiers with dripping babies spilt on their bayonets to take this kind of stuff seriously. To hold words spoken in a tantrum as an argument and refuse even to consider facts and motives, brand the speakers as pretty shallow thinkers.

Dr. Hemming retained his composure even when one speaker criticized him like an irate school ma'am berating an impudent child.

The speaker's control of the situation was at times in question, but at no time did he abandon his colors, or show any of those brutish tendencies attributed to his party. Undoubtedly the subject was highly controversial, but it was not necessary to let the discussion descend to a humiliating criticism of an irrational leader's heedless remarks.

## "ON THE SPOT"

The heading of our column last week was a very apt description of our mental state upon finding our efforts so headed. Our original intent had been to write under the caption "Stun," which is "nuts" reversed, but The Gateway staff apparently had a different analysis of our condition. Possibly they are prophesying how we shall feel when those ever-active people "Candidus," "Retired Colonel, Sir," "Observer," and their ilk get to work on our maiden attempt as columnists. One can imagine them opening the paper at the solemn conclave which we trembling columnists believe they hold after each issue, their tense alertness as their president scans the paper page by page, then his feverish cry of "Stunned!" A new column comrades! To work! One pictures the wild scene that follows: "Indignant lady's high treble rising above the 'I shall attack on moral grounds'; the bass roar of Citizen declaiming, 'breach of our contract rights!' Then the frenzied rush for pens and paper and 'The Gateway Letter-writers Affiliated' are at their meat, ripping and tearing, or delicately dissecting, snarling or smiling, according to disposition. Allah be with us!

To avoid further misunderstanding, we shall head our column "On the Spot" in recognition of our elevation to The Gateway strong arm staff. Just two pun men, gangsters for The Gateway.

"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of the world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

We gather from this that the poor, whose position was once regarded as sacred, but who have since been told by the rich that there is no virtue in poverty, are, like most beautiful blondes, more sinned against than sinning. And if we listen to the radio we come to the conclusion that they are also more singed against than singing.

We were recently talking with a fair co-ed about shows we'd seen. She was of the opinion that several recent Hollywood productions were simply crude, but professed a deep admiration for the Freshman plays of last Friday.

G.B.S. says, "When a man wants to murder a tiger he calls it sport. When the tiger wants to murder him he calls it ferocity." The distinction between the aforesaid Hollywood productions and the plays is very similar, we would suggest.

## TAURUS

## TOLERANCE.

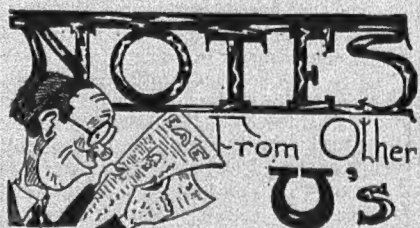
Taurus deplores the remarks directed at the distinguished guest speaker, Dr. Henning, when he addressed the Political Science Club. The remarks are all the more to be deplored because some of them emanated from one of our professors—a man noted for his caustic comment of anything he chooses to favor with his attention. But while we disapprove of this one incident, it would be well to remember that everybody makes mistakes, even professors, and it should also be borne in mind that this particular professor is a very fair-minded and straight from the shoulder type of man, who always has the courage of his convictions. On the whole, we like the way he does things far better than the way other people don't do things.

## ARTS ROTUNDA FOUNTAIN.

Taurus does not like to be continually crabbing, but that fountain in the Arts Building rotunda is a real source of grievance. If the University is so poverty-stricken that it cannot afford to keep a small stream of clear, cold water running all day long, then the fountain should be removed. Taurus just wishes that whoever the person is who orders that fountain to be shut off would try to drink its lukewarm, soupy, pipe-tasting liquid. It is a darned insult to Class '32, who presented the fountain to the University. Maybe the Council could do something about this—who knows?

## U.S. DEBATE OFF.

Taurus has learned that Arthur D. Bierwagen, who was to represent Alberta in the Northern States as speaker plenipotentiary and debater extraordinary, has received notice that his one month trip has been cancelled because the N.F.C.U.S. has failed to persuade a sufficiently large number of American universities to guarantee to meet the Canadian team. Oh, well, we have Art with us just that much longer. Maybe the Debating Society will send him to debate in Calgary, where by his ability and merit he will help kill some of the anti-university feeling in that hot-bed.



University of Kansas.—Students at the university this semester are receiving financial aid in the form of ten-cent meals. Students with studious habits who wished to avail themselves of this service made appointments with members of the "scholarship meals" committee before they enrolled this semester. After personal interviews with the committee, the students' applications were passed upon.

## IT PAYS TO SMOKE TURRETS



An added attraction to any card game—you will find this to be one of the handsomest, sturdiest, lightest and most easily erected card tables. Black duco finish with water-proof, decorative top.

## Wonderful Gifts for POKER HANDS

Smokers of Turret Cigarettes are today receiving gifts of exceptional value for poker hands.

With the enormous sale of Turrets comes an equally great demand for gifts. This creates a tremendous buying power which means extra value in the gifts, which are absolutely Free. Send for the complete list or drop into the nearest Poker Hand Premium Store—see what valuable articles you can get when you smoke Turrets—not to mention a cooler, sweeter, more satisfying smoke.

Quality and Mildness  
**Turret**  
CIGARETTES

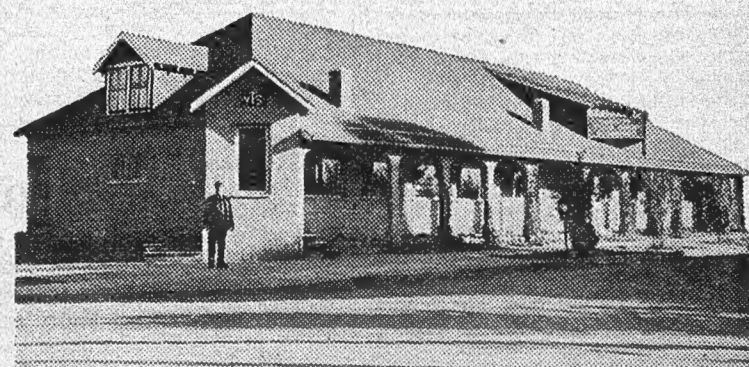
Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited

SAVE THE POKER HANDS

## THE BEST

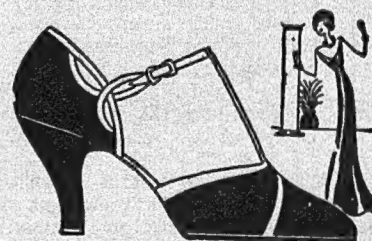
## Varsity Tuck Shop

IN CANADA



## The RAINBOW ROOM

IS FREE FOR STUDENT FUNCTIONS



## BUILDING OUR BUSINESS ON SERVICE AND VALUE

For smart styling . . . intelligent fitting service, and sensible prices, the Fashion Bootery is well and favorably known to a wide circle of Edmonton's well-dressed women.

## THE FASHION BOOTERY

There is a story back of almost everything we see, and a reason for almost everything that is, but in many cases things are taken so much for granted that we seldom stop to wonder about their "whys and wherefores." The buttons on the cuffs of men's suits come under this heading. Most people put the presence of these buttons down as ornamental, but the real truth of the matter is that in the ancient days when men wore lace ruffs at their wrists, these ruffs were buttoned on to the sleeve. When the lace effect went out of style, the buttons remained, and they are still worn.—The Manitoban.

University of Chicago.—A woman was granted a Master's degree at the University of Chicago after she had submitted a thesis on "Four Ways to Wash Dishes." Columbia granted a Doctorate of Philosophy to the author of a dissertation, "The Duties of School Janitors."

Columbus, Ohio. — Don't correct yourself when you say "it is me." That expression has the approval of the Dean of English at Ohio State University.

"There's too much of the school-master in the American language," says Dean McKnight. "It is me" is a natural use of the expression, and is much to be preferred over "It is I." —Dalhousie Gazette.

## JACK CRAWFORD

## Varsity Beauty Parlor

Phone 31144 for Appointments

Private Booths for Ladies and Gentlemen

We specialize in Permanent Waving, Finger Waving and Marcelling

Anybody need a dignified dishwasher.

A group of economists once stated that depressions make for specialization no the part of workers.—Here you have the proof, taken fresh from the "Situations Wanted" column of the Los Angeles Times, where it was unobtrusively tucked away among the variety of "educated" and "refined" gentlemen that occupied the rest of the column:

"Man, 29, heart of gold, voice of silver, nerves of steel, constitution of iron. Able executive, supersalesman, dignified dishwasher."

Neitzsche's Superman come to earth in the guise of a glorified dishwasher, with a hardware store disposition and character!

Bet he got a job.—Daily Northwestern.



## CO-ED COLUMNS

OUR PUBLICITY  
DEPARTMENT  
ITS RADIO WORK

By M.F.A.

We often hear Alberta taxpayers complaining of the cost of our University to them, and demanding of Varsity students what direct benefits they may personally derive from it. The majority of us would probably have difficulty in answering such a question, and would mumble vaguely that University training makes for a well-trained and intelligent future generation, etc., etc. But what many of us do not know is that we have a phase of University activity, namely, the Department of Extension, whose purpose is the spreading of culture throughout the province.

This department, under the capable direction of Mr. E. A. Corbett, enriches the lives of many people through its travelling lectures and libraries, its radio work, debating material and bulletins, its visual instruction and its Carnegie activities.

The Department of Extension's influence is felt throughout all Alberta, and in a series of subsequent articles we shall endeavor to present the various phases of its activities of interest to the students.

## Radio Work of Great Importance

Our radio station, CKUA, which was installed in 1926, is one of the more recent innovations in this department, and the importance of its work is becoming more and more apparent as time goes on. Its clever director, Miss Marryat, deserves all credit for the capable manner in which she has handled this department.

This year the station hopes to commence their schedule on November 1st, but owing to a delay in the delivery of certain apparatus for the new transmitters, the time of starting is doubtful.

This station is to be an alternative to the Canadian Radio Commission, and a number of the latter's programs will also be broadcast over CKUA. Our station is to be linked up with CFAC at Calgary and CJOC at Lethbridge. The resulting chain programs will have a much wider coverage than CKUA alone.

The programs are varied, ranging from good music, talks and drama, to discussions on current topics. Leading professors will appear before the microphone every Tuesday to lecture on World Movements. Such topics as Capitalism, Fascism, the National Recovery Act in the U.S.A., and many others will be dealt with.

On Wednesday evenings Mr. E. A. Corbett, Director of the Department, will give a series of short talks, entitled, "Short Sketches of Great Canadian Personalities." Many were the dramatic happenings in the lives of these men, and some of these "big moments" are to be given in dramatic form the Friday evening following the talk, in vivid scenes written by Morris Longstrech, of Ottawa.

A series of lectures on Canadian Art, arranged by the Committee on Art, Carnegie endowment, is to be given each Thursday evening. This year, as an interesting innovation, listeners who follow the course will have prints of the pictures lent to them for the period during which these are being discussed. This has been made possible by a donation from the National Gallery at Ottawa of prints of the works of foremost Canadian artists.

On Friday evening Mrs. N. W. Haynes is giving a series of four talks writing competition is on this year on play writing, and another play for those interested. A one-act play

MAUDIE'S EDUCATION  
(An Agony in One Spasm)

By L.W.

Near the town of little Mudford On the prairies of Alberta Stood the mansion of one Higgins, Hiram Higgins, mighty farmer, And this farmer had a daughter, Sweet young thing, of winsome beauty,

Worthy of a greater training, Made for higher education. So they sent her to our college, To our dear old Alma Mater, There to learn of Greek and Latin, There to muse on things ennobling. Maud was very good to look at, Pure and innocent and charming, But without it she was nothing, For the "body urge" was lacking. A sophisticated room-mate Lent her rouge and cream and powders,

Helped her to improve on Nature. Then she sat her down in friendship, Told her of the Facts of Luring—"Men," she spake, "are childish creatures,

Weak, and soft, and feeble-minded— But, of course, we have to have 'em— Have to have our dates and dances, Tucks and taxis, plays and parties. They must be consoled and flattered, Worked with persevering patience. If a slight and boyish stripling— Murmur low 'my rugby hero'; If a bronzed and brawny Tarzan, Huge and awkward, mighty-sinewed,

Tell him he's a perfect dancer, Glides along like rippling waters; If he's ugly as the mischief Call him your divine Apollo— Feed them all the lies you know of, Boy, oh boy—and how they love it! Men are horribly conceited, The more wildly you do flatter, More and more will they believe you, More and more absorb your stories— Think of you as clever, gifted, Wonder how you ever noticed All the beauties of their natures, Call it 'woman's intuition.' Maudie thanked her kind advisor, For the facts of fascination, Then she followed all these sayings, Worked a lovely line together, Told the males of her acquaintance They were terribly attractive. And the egotists adored her, Rushed her to all sorts of parties, Followed her around like puppies, Swallowed all the lies she told them, Lapping up the muck she fed 'em— Was she popular? . . . Ach! Zowie! —So was Maudie educated.

## SKI CLUB NOTICE

The ski jump will be ready on Saturday. Jumpers will use it at their own risk. The jump is reserved for members only on Sunday afternoons.

will also be directed over the radio for one-half hour, commencing Dec. 15th.

Other shorter features in this seasons, debates and discussions, a son's work are the Agricultural pro-health period, and another intensely interesting series of talks, "Travelers' Tales," given by a number of people.

"Among the Books" is a period of great interest to all, in which stories, talks about book and gleanings from magazines will be given. Professor Nichols, of our faculty, is to give weekly organ recitals, and a series of talks are to be given on instrumental music.

Thus it may be seen that radio represents every phase of the department's work, and supplements all sections. It welds the department into one complete and connected unit.

Coach—Get in there and fight! Trowbridge—But, Coach, I'm a little stiff.

Coach—I don't care if you are a big stiff. Get in there and fight!—The Hornet.

And then there was the Freshman who sent his pants to the Associated Press.—The Hornet.

## DR. N. W. HAYNES

## DENTIST

Nitrous oxide oxygen extractions

214 Empire Block, Edmonton, Alta. Phone 25755

## CLOTHES

There's been a lot of discussion about clothes since Eve first turned coy and donned the fig leaf. Some writers say the clothes of a nation reveal its soul. While that would be hard on the Scotch, at least the dour garb of the pilgrim fathers suited their sabbatical tempo, and the gilded furbelows of the later Restoration period suited its naughty plays and polygamous kings.

Clothes have prevented many women from dying of sheer boredom. Half the time its the passion for a hat rather than the love of a man which makes a woman turn peacock. However, clothes are something of a necessity these days, although Tessimond in "Poetry" thinks they are the weeds (pun!)—only a screen between human shortcomings and all natural poetry. He's pretty cynical in his poem, "Cocoon for a Skeleton":

Clothes to compose  
The furtive, lone  
Pillar of bone  
To some repose.

To mask, belie  
The undue haste  
Of breast for breast  
Or thigh for thigh.

To edit, glose  
Lyric desire  
And slake its fire  
In Polished prose.

To let hands shirk  
Utterance behind  
A pocket's blind  
Deceptive smirk.

To screen, conserve  
The pose, when death  
Half-strips the sheath  
And leaves the nerve.

—Tessimond, in "Poetry."

THE STREET OF THE  
SANDALMAKERS

Nis Petersen's novel, "The Street of the Sandalmakers," was translated from the Danish and published in England by Rasche Dickson, a graduate of this University. It is an authentic story of Rome in the time of Marcus Aurelius told in easy modern English.

The characters are so numerous as to be at times a little confusing, but never, throughout the whole story, does the interest flag. Marcellus, that weak, ineffectual, but thoroughly charming young man, is the son of Papirius, one of the most esteemed men in Rome. The first part of the book deals with Marcellus' love affair with Ruth, a pretty Jewish slave girl, and the difficulties involved thereby. A son Jon is born, but has to be smuggled away to avert the wrath of Papirius, and Ruth dies.

From this patrician world part two takes us into the busy life of the Street of the Sandalmakers six years later. Jon, accompanied by Pedanius, the shoemaker who has brought him up, returns to the city. The son of Marcellus and Ruth is a precocious child—cunning, self-assured and imaginative. When Pedanius dies of a lingering illness, Jon is taken into the family of the physician, Galen. The intimate descriptions of the life of this poorer section of Rome are delightful. Christianity is rising and Cynicism waning, and the affairs of the followers of Christus are observed with a mixture of tolerance and hostility.

The last section brings together Jon, now a youth, but no less an urchin, and Marcellus—though neither ever learn of their relation. Marcellus meets Caecilia, a fanatical young Christian, and with his usual susceptibility, falls in love with her. There follows a long mental struggle while he is being persuaded to her faith, during which time Jon continues to thrive among his friends in the Street of the Sandalmakers. His deceptions and escapades; his likes and dislikes are so entirely human, but for all that one can never think

of the boy as a loveable character.

Marcellus finally embraces the new religion, more for love than conviction, and he is killed on his way to be sold into slavery just after Jon has brought him a message of love from Caecilia.

The inevitability of life is expressed by Petersen toward the end of the last chapter: "And there lay Marcellus. A sketch thrown into Fate's great wastepaper-basket. But, up in the road, in the direction of the Caecilian estate, was leaping the beginning of a new sketch—a boy the colour of ripe olives, his eyes shining with the satisfaction of successful achievement."

This novel is vivid in style—written in the typical impersonal fashion of our day. From first to last it is amusing, thought-provoking and instructive, bringing us very near what we are pleased to call the ancient world.

—F. M. J.

## CO-ED SPORT

By J.A.F.

Here we have it! Basketball is under way. It's off with a flying start too. Over thirty girls turned out for the first practise. Among those present were members of last year's team, former House Leaguers, and a real "crowd" of Freshettes. After Tuesday night's practise, our coach, Mr. Parney, was enthusiastic over our prospects. At present the squad is too large to handle effectively, and will have to be cut down. The players that are cut out are sent for "seasoning" with House League teams. So don't be discouraged, Freshettes, if you can't make the senior team in your first year—you more probably will the next.

Pre-season hockey training is in the capable hands of Arn Thompson. Practises are held regularly in Athabasca gym at 11:30 Tuesdays and 4:30 Fridays. If you can't make it then, you have the alternative of appearing on 1:30 p.m. Wednesdays and 11:30 Thursdays. Attendance, in the case of Freshettes who are excused from Physical Training temporarily, is taken, as there are restrictions on the number of "skips" you may take.

We hear that it's lots of fun. You use parallel bars, attempt complete somersaults, turn cart-wheels, etc., and that it's very interesting, even though the girls are very, very stiff at first. We, from our comfortable arm-chair, have no doubt that this training shall effectively serve its purpose.

Now, a word about our new award system, installed last year. There are three forms of awards given annually by the Women's Athletic Association: (1) minor, (2) major, and (3) service awards.

(1) The minor, in the form of a silver "A" pin, is given to those who make a position on any senior team, provided that they have attended two-thirds of its practices, and provided that the team has played against an outside team in any meet, tournament or series. Whether you make one or more senior teams in your first year in athletics, you are given the one "A" pin. If you should make these same teams a second time in any following year, you get a rider attached to a fitting symbol of the sport, for every sport that you participated in. A gold felt "A" is credited towards you in your third year on a senior team.

(2) A major award consists of a felt blazer, and is the highest, most coveted and least awarded honor, given only in recognition of exceptional athletic achievement and leadership in University athletics. So far, only one major award has been granted, and the recipient has been Josephine Kopta, past member of track and basketball teams and holder of provincial javelin and discus records.

(3) Service awards are given to managers of senior teams.

CONTESTS SEAT ON CITY  
COUNCIL

MARGARET CRANG, B.A., LL.B.

It is inspiring to University students, especially in these difficult times, to discover that our young graduates are devoting themselves to public service, and thereby giving to the common good the benefit of higher education.

Miss Crang is widely known in University circles. She graduated in Arts in 1930, Law in 1932, and School of education in 1933. At present she is articled to a law firm in the city, and expects to be called to the bar in January.

Margaret, besides being very successful in her studies, has always been actively interested in sport. She was captain of the University swimming team for three years.

This young lady is running as Labor candidate for alderman in the civic elections. Besides being an ardent defender of women's rights, she has a very definite platform in civic affairs.

We wish her luck, for we realize that brains have often been conspicuously absent in some of our governing bodies in the past.

"I hear that Bob Long is a great bird lover."

"Yes, he does know a lot of foul stories."—The Hornet.

New principles of economy are taking shape at the University of Pittsburgh. The male quartet has been reduced to a trio.—McGill Daily.

"What is heredity?"

"Something that a father believes in until his son starts acting like a darn fool."—The Hornet.

Rat Willis—Is she very pretty? George Smith—Pretty? Say! When she gets on a street car the advertising is a total loss.—The Hornet.

Slang keeps human expression alive and growing, and there is nothing undignified about it, the Dean of the department of speech at Northwestern University states.—McGill Daily.

## EXPERT WORKMANSHIP

## REASONABLE PRICES

Garneau  
Shoe Repair

10917A 88th Avenue

## A LEAF TURNS BROWN

A green leaf nestles in green tree-tops,  
In a world all fresh and green and beautiful:  
Many days will there be;  
Many things will it see.

A red leaf falls from red tree-tops,  
Into a world all blustering russet-gold:  
Many winds about blow;  
Many places will it go.

A brown leaf scuttles over white snow,  
Into a world all bare of spring's illusions:  
Many places has it been,  
Is it Life that it has seen.

—D. B. L.

CO-ED BASKETBALL  
PROSPECTS BRIGHT

Tuesday night saw a record turnout for women's basketball. About forty girls—enough for eight teams—were present. Coach Parney should be able to pick an excellent team out of this. His job isn't so easy. The girls looked pretty good as they played.

Eliminating will start next Thursday. Don't be discouraged if you are not told to turn out for senior practise. Remember we want you in the House League. It looks as if there should be at least three good teams from Pembina this year, as well as some excellent overtown teams. The "Arrows," who won the cup last year, had better look to their laurels.

Last year's House League teams are furnishing some promising material.

With all these newcomers, last year's squad had better not get too cocky about their ability, etc. After all, the Frosh are looking better than they have for the last three years.

We are certainly glad to see that women's basketball is coming into its own on the campus. If this enthusiasm keeps up, the Alberta team of '33-'34 should be on a par and even superior to the best team we have had, and that is saying something.

PHONE 22111

New Low Rates

Jack Hays Ltd.

TAXICABS

HEATED PACKARD SEDANS  
DRIVERSELF CARS

10056 101st Street

The University  
Book Store

Pennants.....\$1.10 and \$1.40

Faculty Pennants.....\$1.75

Crests .....20c and 35c

Belt Buckles .....\$1.25

Medical Pins .....\$2.00

SOLID GOLD

UNIVERSITY

BOOK STORE

## FRENCH and SPANISH

Spoken for students of Languages

THOMPSON &amp; DYNES

HAIRDRESSING AND BEAUTY PARLOR

Convenient Scale of Prices

All Systems of Permanent Waving

## YOUR Year Book Photo

## Should be Taken NOW

To ensure prints  
for Christmas

++

THE UNIVERSITY  
STUDIO

DEPARTMENT OF EXTENSION

## JOHNSON'S—the leading CAFE

Corner 101st St. and Jasper Ave.

## Peacock

America's  
Foremost  
Style  
NameSmart  
Popular  
Chic

## FOX SHOE STORE

10129 JASPER AVENUE

## Seasonal Drama

## October.

"Hello, hello—do I remember your name. Why, of course I do—how could I forget it after that dance—you did too; g'wan, you're kidding me. Would I like to go out?—sure I would—no, I'm not kidding you—honest I'm not. Well, that's swell—sure, I'll remember—you bet—don't you forget—well, g'long—good-bye—I'll be seeing you."

## December.

"Hello, hello—gee, I thought you'd never phone—I've just been waiting hours—of course I do—what!—well, I can't say much; some of the girls might hear—mmm—me too—you know I do—do you?—are you sure?—honest—boy, but I'm happy—sure, I'll tell you when I see you—you'll be right over, goody—be quick, won't you—of course I will—you know I do—good-bye."

## February.

"Hello, hello—well, I don't think I can, I'm awful busy—sure I want to, but I've got an awful lot of stuff to catch up. No, I can't make Saturday, one of the girls is having a party—of course I like you—sure I'll always think of you as a friend. No, of course I'm not—but I can't see you if I haven't the time. Well, I'll be seeing you round."

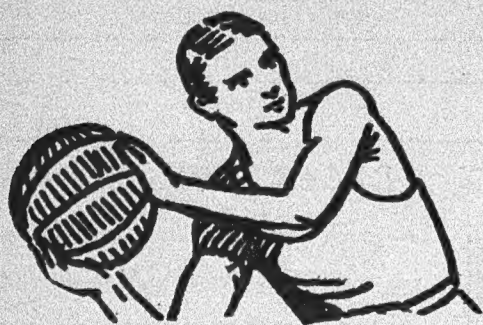
## April.

"Tell him I'm out or dead or something. Oh-h-h—it's somebody else." "Hello, hello—do I remember your name—why, of course I do—how could I forget it after that dance—you did too . . . . . I'll be seeing you."

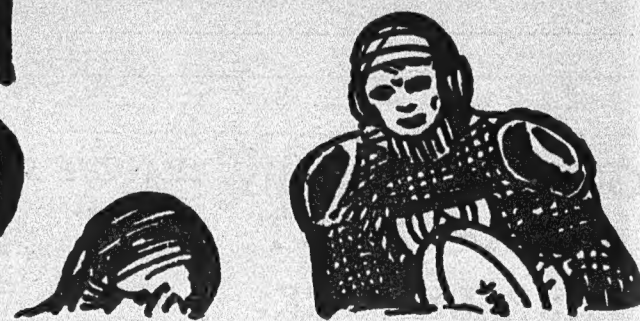
## Simple Pleasures

The Soviet has abolished Christmas and has decided that kissing causes or spreads influenza. About the only luxuries left in Russia are assault and battery and starving to death.—Calgary Herald.





# SPORTS



## SCIENCE WIN FIRST RUGBY TILT IN FOUR YEARS

### Interfac Title Decided On Rouge by McConnell

Snow-bound Grid Scene of Hectic Battle in Twilight Hours—One Point Margin Decides Game

A shadowy figure breaks from the dark background of the scrimmage, and, weaving in and out amongst the Science backfield, seems to be away on the snow-covered field. He is—he isn't—an Engineer hastily girding on his snowshoes as if they were seven league boots, draws abreast of the fleeting Pharmaceut— a lunge, maybe a tackle—the Med is down, the ball goes wild. No, it's a beautiful pass worthy of a Timothy, Hess or a Red Grange. Received? Of course, the redoubtable Red Cooper—some monicker—receives, dashes, weaves, runs yards, and more yards—Meds say 75, Engineers claim 15. But then there were no slipsticks handy. Maybe the referees had banned them as counterbrand. Thus came and went one, only one, of the big moments during Thursday's interfac rugby. This scramble wound up the series which has been occupying the waking hours of the lesser rugby moguls of the campus for the past month.

Ghost rugby came and departed for another season on the snow-covered grid yesterday. No more this season will we have the thrill of seeing strong he-men don cleats and helmet to battle for victory, contending with the weather as well as their opponents. Gone but not forgotten are the exploits of those heroes of former Alberta teams who have returned to interfac because press of work prevents them from continuing with the Golden Bears. Departed for another season are the Freshmen and others who have ventured on the rugby field for the first time and have hung on through many trials to become seasoned stalwarts. Some will graduate to the teams representing the University; others, we hope, will return to strengthen next year's interfac squads. All we hope to see in action again.

Yesterday's game was played under the most trying conditions that any team could face. Despite the cold and the fact that the grid was covered with several inches of snow,

there was a good turn out of players and spectators; there was almost 75 of the latter—but no co-eds. Coach Wilson, of the senior team, and quarterback Moir handled the game to the satisfaction of everyone. Numerous members of the senior team were on hand to see the boys do their stuff. The press was represented by sports reporters of both overtown papers—in fact, everyone was there, except the co-eds. Well, it's too bad. Maybe they can't take it.

The game began like the first swim in spring—"I'll jump in if you will" sort of stuff. One or two scrimmages broke the ice—i.e., the snow—and both teams started the battle in real earnest. Play moved back and forth in the centre of the field until the Engineers drove the Meds back within their own territory. With a good position for a kick, Freeze got the ball away to Woznow. MacDonald recovered for the Parmedents, but McConely was on the spot with a snappy rouge. One point to the good, the Engineers valiantly defended. At the change of ends, played themselves against the Med on continued back and forth in the middle of the grid. Neither side was in any danger, and the chief difficulty faced by the players was that of keeping warm.

Half-time went by the board with the score still unchanged. The Engineers began to spring the dark plays which carried them to within fifteen yards of the Meds goal line.

(Continued on Page Six)

### Senior Grid Team Set For Games With U.B.C.

Green and Gold Leave for Vancouver on Tuesday in Search of Hockey Trophy—Coach Wilson's Aggregation Fit and Ready

After emulating Napoleon's retreat from Moscow for the past week on a snow-bound grid, the rugby team is again prepared for the grid-iron wars.

The boys have shown no lack of enthusiasm in spite of the many discomforts attendant upon practicing under such difficult conditions, and have run through signal practices regularly. Coach Wilson has had over twenty men on hand every night, and handling a rugby ball after dark in upwards of a foot of snow with about ten degrees of frost is no pansy pastime.

Phone 27535

### Veteran Taxi 50 Cent Rates

HEATED SEDANS

10750 Jasper Ave., Edmonton

FOR

## SATISFACTION

TRY

## SNOWFLAKE LAUNDRY & DRY CLEANERS, LTD.

10404 98th STREET

Phones 21735—25185—25186

### SPORTING SLANTS

The last quest of the 1933 Golden Bears starts on Tuesday morning, when the Varsity squad entrains for the coast in search of the Hardy Trophy, emblematic of the Western Intercollegiate championship.

The strongest team to represent Alberta since this season opened will take the field for the first contest under the floodlights of the Vancouver stadium next Thursday. With the exception of Ivan Smith, all the injured first stringers will be in the fray again, and they should make things plenty tough for the boys on the Pacific Coast.

The customary orchid goes this week to the Science rugby team for their successful battle against the Meds Wednesday. In the course of the hectic affray they managed to glean one lone point from a rouge that netted them the interfac championship.

Referee for the encounter was Coach Wilson, of the senior squad, and he claims that he was "astonished" at the class of rugby that was displayed by the interfac warriors. No wonder. So were we.

Minor clubs are swinging into their stride this week, with both the Badminton and Ski outfits running in full blast. The skimen hold their first outing of the season next Sunday, and a goodly crowd will probably be on hand for the first hike of the season scheduled for Sunday.

Last, but not least, the hockey season is due to open. Latest reports have it that the same old four-cylinder loop will again be functioning; the only radical change being that the Forty-niners will put the Crescent uniforms back on.

Al Wilson will try his luck with our hockey equipment immediately after his return from the Coast. We look forward to a team that will dispel any illusions overtown folks in general and hockey coaches and managers in particular have about the quality of U. of A. hockey teams.

### Men's Hockey Organizes For Coming Season

Al Wilson to Coach Seniors—Many New Recruits to Bolster Up the Teams

At a well-attended meeting Wednesday afternoon hockey officially got under way by organizing for the coming season. Harvey Fish, the President of Men's Hockey, was in the chair, and outlined the program for the coming season, laying special emphasis on the necessity of Freshmen passing November and Christmas tests (woe to the person who doesn't, hockey or not).

Fred Gale, President of Men's Athletics, pointed out that injuries are entirely self-responsible. A sad state of affairs, but no good hockey player ever stopped for that.

Harvey Fish introduced the popular coach, Al Wilson, who made his advent into our halls this fall as a capable rugby coach. Al has consented to stay for the hockey season to handle the team. Here's to hoping he can produce a winner.

Interfac hockey is being managed by Ev Borgal this season, and it is expected that both the A and B leagues will be in operation as last year.

At the meeting were most of last year's senior team, along with many likely-looking new players, at least as far as weight is concerned. Al Hall, our coach and captain of last year, was noticeably absent, and will be greatly missed by the team.

Just glancing over the list of recruits, we notice Joe Ruzicka, a stellar defence man, who starred in interfac last year; Ross Stewart, a promising goalie, and H. Cummins, a goalie from Banff. (Our red-headed netminder is going to have plenty of competition.) Duke Ferguson, of the High River Fliers; L. Matheson, a defence player from Lacombe, and H. Woyetwika from the Poolers.

"Doc" Gibson expects to have ice by the end of this week, so all hockey players are requested to watch the noticeboards for coming work-outs.

### HOCKEY MENTOR



AL WILSON

Popular rugby coach, who has been appointed coach of the senior hockey team for the ensuing season.

### Square Ring Performers Plan Exhibition of Skill

To Hold Tournament in Near Future—Boxers and Wrestlers Have Large Turnouts in Training Under Direction of "Wally" Beaumont

The Boxing and Wrestling Club is coming into its own, now that the rugby season is over. Every Monday and Thursday from 4:30 to 5 p.m. sees from fifteen to twenty followers of the fistic art hard at work under the able direction of "Wally" Beaumont. Representatives in all weights are there. Enthusiasm is seen in every face. Hearty punches are exchanged with a grin. It's really lots of fun, and then boxing is an accomplishment too. If you don't believe it, try some of our boys out.

Then, every Tuesday and Friday, ten to fifteen husky wrestlers are to be seen playing the old mat game under the direction of Bob Jackson. Bob lacks no technique in the art of getting a man off his feet fast and hard. Tumbles, rolls and other mat stunts, directed by Jack Tracy, add to the evening's interest.

In the near future this club is going to put on an exhibition or tournament. There promises to be no lack of speed, skill or training. Well-contested matches are assured. Watch for notices, and don't miss this event—or better still, join the club, get in on the training, and be on the inside that night.

### ARTS DEFEATED BY PHARMEDENTS

The Pharmedents wormed their way into the interfac final by defeating the Arts-Com squad 5-0 in the semi-finals played in the twilight hours of Tuesday.

Each team was able to field ten men in spite of unclimatic conditions. A Med touchdown won the game in the first half.

Putting on a spurt in the dying moments, an Arts attack sent Don McLaws for a thirty-yard run. He was downed on the Med five-yard line. The Arts snap was caught in the act of shaking the snow off the ball. In the ensuing scramble the Meds regained possession and kicked out of danger.

Hitler says he will give full co-operation to the Olympic games in 1936 in Berlin. Probably the biggest event will be chucking the treaty.—Y News.

### In Appreciation

I take this opportunity to express my thanks to those who worked in my behalf in the Sophomore election, and to announce my whole-hearted intention of endeavouring to justify my election to the Class Presidency.

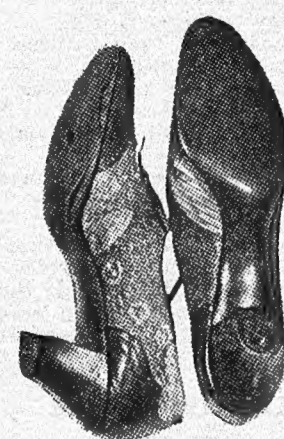
(Signed) PARKER KENT.

Phone 27651

### Muckleston's

BEAUTY PARLOR AND  
BARBER SHOP

10316 Jasper Avenue  
Few doors west of Hudson Bay



There is no substitute  
for  
quality workmanship

### Lamb Bros.

Shoemakers since Boyhood

Cor. 105th Street and Jasper

Phone 22235



Model No. 810—Two button sack, half peaked lapel, popular semi-conservative model.

### Doing One Thing Supremely Well!

Tip Top Tailors Clothes are made by specialists in custom-tailored clothes. All the vast resources of the Tip Top Tailors organization—largest one-price tailors in the world—are concentrated on clothing Canadians with fine custom-tailored garments—cut from choice weaves—strictly faithful to London and New York styles.

Come in. Judge for yourself the unequalled value of Tip Top Tailored-to-Measure Clothes.

PRICED AMAZINGLY AT

\$24.00

TIP TOP TAILORS  
MADE-TO-MEASURE

10123 Jasper Avenue



## FUNDO

By H. M.

A certain caricature in A-135 was of the wrong sex—we think. Oh, you mathematicians!

Where was Charles, not when the lights went out, but when Tom and Herb went in?

There's no place like the Cave for art—even our own gallery contains no more thought-lifting color.

Why were some of the professors so sarcastic on Saturday last? Was it because of the early winter?

We hear that standing up makes one grow, but really there's no shortage of tall men here. So let's have a few more chairs in the Lower Common Room.

Can you tell us why Jack M—almost fell down the steps near the Waunetta room? We won't blame it on the snow this time.

A young woman complained, at the last House Dance, of tired feet. "The fellow I danced with had such big shoes!" she explained. We wonder whether the real reason was not that she wore such small ones.

Why do trivial details—such as the loose application of a word in a newspaper—stir up the indignation of some eminent men, while great things leave them cold?

How charming are those girls who, being initiated into the secrets of the cigarette, allow that blissful blue cloud to write unrestrained about their ears!

There is something pathetically naive in the solicitude with which their male attendants regulate proceedings—short breath, squint left eye, don't inhale, blow out!—Try again.

## POPPIES

By Fraser Macdonald

Armistice Day will be here again soon. That means another holiday, with lectures called off again, which will be nice. But we will still be expected to bow our heads for two minutes. For why? Every year I have reverently done so; but I have begun to ask myself, why do we do it? To think of the dead?—"the gallant boys who gave their lives for us?"

Well, I question that. Why think of the dead? They are gone. Mankind has canonized them all, so obviously their souls are at rest. It should be sacrilege to consider them less happy in heaven than they would be, alive, in this feverish world. As for "gallant," why? Because they "gave" their lives? But they didn't. If a bandit holds me up and robs me of my watch, have I given it to him? No, the soldiers did not give their lives: their lives were forcibly taken from them. Just as they took the lives of the men in the opposing army. But they were gallant to enlist in the army in the first place? No. For one thing, the boys thought the whole affair was going to be a picnic. That it was all going to be over in a few months. For another thing, it took a great deal less courage to enlist than to refuse to. Few people have the courage to be cowardly.

And anyhow, what good does it do to think of the dead? It would be more to the point if we thought of the living: those broken bodies that came out of the war, alive without life. Those broken souls that emerged, crushed and useless, for the peace they had prayed for; hopeless, embittered, and decadent.

And again, what of the living? What of today's young warriors? Are they not to be thought of? The dead are gone, their children have grown up. What is the world, that bows its head at eleven on the eleventh, doing to insure that these will not be murdered too? Think of the dead, but think of those who are yet to die.

So why should we bow our heads and think of the dead? For it is we who are going to be sent off to kill and to die, if war breaks out, and personally I would rather be thought of before I die than after. Die, and for what? And kill—why should I kill? I can't hate anyone. Why should I hate a German, or a Russian, or a Jap, or whomsoever the finger may point at? Why should Hans Schmidt and I seek one another's throats just because our bosses can't agree? "Our quarrel is not with the German people"—I have no quarrel with any people.

So what are you going to do? Bow your head and think for two solid minutes on a lot of dead people you never knew? Why not be honest about it? They are rather to be envied than sentimentalized. Those who lost relatives in the war have their personal grief that is not confined to a statutory two minutes a year. To the rest of us it is fast becoming a meaningless ritual. So what are we going to do?

The dead are past our help: are not the living of the last and the dead of the next war much more important?

"A requirement that the applicant for admission to the Freshman class must write in a good, legible hand, a three hundred word letter couched in correct idiomatic English, would, if honestly enforced, depopulate the colleges of this country."—Dalhousie Gazette.

A Question—  
It's Answer

By H.W.J.

Faint rebellion stirs my blood tonight, And brooding contemplation blurs my sight,

And fills my mind with grinning, hot Torments That mill and mutter in grey accents: "Ponder away; it will be wrong! Turn to the right; it will be wrong! Turn to the left; it will be wrong! Keep on going!"—The road's too long!"

"Retrace your steps!"—"I've gone too far!"

"Go forward then, and reach your star."

"But what's a star when the grasper is old?"

"Dead as the spark when the anvil is cold!"

"Then should I not take what is close at hand,

And nestle up warm in a cave of sand, And leave others to weather the headwinds of Doubt?

Vicissitudes have about tuckered me out!"

"But wait!" returned the chief of the crew,

"Don't whimper! As yet you're not black and blue.

Remember man's fate as he journeys on earth,

Ordained from the moment he breathes upon birth:

To think that his fortune is just around the corner,

To struggle and strive, and come out the mourner,

Misled by chimeras like fireflies at night (Informed with a glamor that fades in the light).

For surely, you would not spoil all our fun!

Forsooth, our merriment's hardly begun!

You're acting a play, in case you don't know it,

Played often before by peasant and poet.

It must be a "natural," for long has it run—

Enacted, re-acted, since Mankind began!

And you, poor Shadow-Man, dare you betray

A precedent founded by puppets of clay?

Poor clay, that passes on dented and tarnished

Old truths, it newly has minted and varnished.

For the Idea is the thing, you see, That lives on hale in Eternity.

The vessel shattered, the essence survives

To cross o'er the bridge of millions of lives."

So spake the voice, and silence sank down,

Dripping peace, as snow falling over a town—

But the curtain of peace soon drifted away—

"What have you for me," I asked him, "this day?"

Tell me the reason we all wish to live,

Though joy is the scale on a butterfly's wing,

As brief as the throb of a violin string."

He carolled a laugh. "Your life is a sieve

That filters out only the mixture you give.

Your mite to the mass of eternal Verities

Will far surpass your alms to the charities;

The Cry of the Species you must not forget;

The Race must go on though your sun has set."

"Now, to look at him in the morning, when the air's rather thick, you would think he was a quiet, inoffensive beast. But inspect those rolling eyes, those sharp teeth, and you'd creep nervously away.

"It was hardly dawn when I stamped into the courtyard and roared for a horse. From the dark retreat where he had spent a very impatient week, pranced forth Vesuvius. His finer points escaped my eye. I mounted.

"Apex was my destination, and I assure you Apex I reached. We dashed merrily around the inn a couple of times before we struck the road. Rather sassy for a twelve-year-old! I thought, but had no time to debate the question, for at that precise moment I felt a dangerous tremor beneath, and Vesuvius erupted.

"A twelve-year-old, you said?" cried I, and almost died when in response the smirking innkeeper held up two fat fingers.

"Away we flew, splitting the mountains like water. Vesuvius reserved nothing, but flung himself recklessly up and down the hills, keeping one eye fixed maliciously on me. More than once I attempted to leap off, and would drop the flowing mane of

## "Cry Havoc!"

Mr. Beverly Nichols has declared in his book "Cry Havoc" that he will not fight, if and when a new war comes. No matter what the issue may be, no matter what newspaper propaganda may give as "noble" reasons for enlisting in a new combat, he takes the stand of pacifism, flatly and immovably. Why a book of this nature is timely I need not discuss! Everywhere there are ominous rumblings; journalists are raising their cries of "war in Europe," and selling their prejudiced copy in reams that the greedy public may be placated. What will the next war be like? What are we going to do?

The author first describes the dangerous intrigues of the armament companies and the Shearer case is disinterred for inspection; the financial arrangements of Schneider's with banks and governments are held up to view. He retells what has been told over and over again with disgust how the great steel manufacturers are nursing a new war. But his point is more than that—the colossal folly of it—England makes arms for potential enemies—so do they all. Is it not ludicrous that we are equipping others to blow our heads off!

That is not all. The next war will strike at the civilian populations, and they are absolutely unprotected either against air raids or gas. The recent experiments of an air raid over London were indicative of the helplessness of present defence methods. He goes on; discusses new gases and guns; speculates as to the efficacy of the navy, and so on. But he is inadequate—the literary man turned strategist can expect to be nothing else. Everything he says in the book has been better told before.

But his attack lies elsewhere. It is against the breeders of war; the patriotism instilled into children which ends in mobs with guns, the history books of public schools, the O.T.C.'s, war memories, the prejudices of the older generation, and so on. Get rid of these things, he says, and there will be no war. We are entirely in agreement, but how?

For one thing, he declares, by having a little faith in the League of Nations, for in spite of the newspapers' howl that Japan has revealed the ineffectiveness of the League, despite the constant stream of articles which describe it as somnolent, it is well to recognize that newspapers have not a reputation for veracity. In a chapter headed "The League and the Liars," he demonstrates how journalists (here as in every other walk of that trade) have to subvert the opinions of the newspapers they represent, rather than the truth.

And our problem will never be solved till our economic house is set in order. Knowing his own lack of ability to discuss such a matter he brings together Sir Arthur Salter and Mr. G. D. H. Cole. The usual arguments are presented (but superficially): controlled capitalism, or socialism? Beverly Nichols does not answer this, the most important question of all. Because he cannot.

That is what is the trouble with the whole book—the spirit may be fine, but the contents are superficial. He becomes sentimental and hysterical on occasion, and even irrational, but that is not where the real merit of the book lies. It lies in its putting a personal question to every individual who is potential cannon-fodder. He may be unable to discuss lucidly the problems of economics, he may disregard the justifiable national aspirations of many European nations, he may be (and certainly is) ridiculous in maintaining that a nation which did not fight in self-defence could not come to much ultimate harm—he may be all of these things, but he has dared to defend the resolution of the Oxford students who said that they would not fight for king and country.

This is not 1914, but it could easily be so. Except for one thing. When war came in 1914 there were many who still cherished the idea that the battlefield was a scene of glory. Many could wish with Rupert Brooke, "Well, if Armageddon's on, I suppose one should be there." Many

(Continued on Page Six)

my steed. But Vesuvius was not to be so easily deprived of his air-minded victim.

"He would roll his eyes skyward until, spying me fluttering down, he would side-step in the neck of time, and plop! we two were again streaking away.

"Only once on the way did Vesuvius change his tactics, and that was when we sprang from the devil-knows-where to right in front of an old fruit peddler. My low-bred, hypocritical, two-year-old cross between an ass and a horse became as passive as a lamb.

But the man, too, was clever—or knowing. Seeing the gentle grey, he dropped his basket of fruit and bounded straight into the top of a tree.

"Vesuvius was enraged at being cheated out of such a soft kick or juicy bite, and ripped through the trees like a bullet from a howitzer.

"Thank goodness I have excellent teeth. Time after time as my heels were attracted strangely towards the zenith, a firm bite on Vesuvius' left ear alone kept me within speaking distance of terra firma. I don't want to step into eternity yet! Oh, no! We were going at such a rate that had I let go I would have rolled and tumbled through space for days and days.

"But all things have an end. "Apex suddenly shot into view. Vesuvius was absolutely wild because I still had enough strength left to breathe an occasional curse or entreaty in his ear. We were flashing down the only street of the blessed town in less than a minute.

(Continued on Page Six)

"Dramat Society Presents  
Woolworth Program"

(It's not the plays in your Theatre, it's the Theatre in your plays that matters.)

The Dramatic Society startled the University with its Woolworth program of marked down plays, bargain actors and novelty directors. The writer well remembers when he played house. He can guarantee any suffering reader that his performances on those occasions excelled those given on Friday night's crude demonstrations of dramatic art.

The original purpose of this experiment, as announced by the Dramatic Society through the columns of The Gateway, was to enable the Freshmen to get better acquainted and to assist the society in discovering new dramatic material. In point of fact, however, instead of being a Freshman night, the program assured us that it was a dramat night. We trust that the Freshmen did get better acquainted; we know that finding new material among Friday's mass of directorial debris would be as difficult as finding the proverbial needle; and we noticed that the weakest play of the evening was cast entirely from the ranks of the upper classmen.

Had the Freshmen been given complete charge of the evening the display of theatrical ignorance could not have been any greater, and the plays would doubtless have been improved by a certain fresh sincerity and enthusiastic seriousness.

It seems a shame that a University that has given exceedingly creditable performances of such plays as "Outward Bound," "The Adding Machine," and "St. Joan," should be reduced to untidy and anemic productions. The chief cause of this theatrical bloodlessness was obviously lack of adequate direction and backstage knowledge. Consequently, the audience laughed at the actors' accidents rather than at the authors' incidents.

There is a definite place in the theatre for farce, but there is no form of theatrical entertainment that requires greater skill in direction and acting. Farce should be approached seriously, hat in hand.

Mr. Brooks Atkinson, in a brilliant article in the New York Times, says: "It will do the theatre no good to truckle to a popular taste that is already gratified more inexpensively and conveniently by the talking pictures. That market has gone for good. Authors and producers who cannot think in any other terms are sitting up with a corpse."

Mr. Parker Kent deserves some commendation, for his play succeeded partly in stimulating suspense and setting tempo. The business, however, was blurred and the pantomime indefinite. Miss Brief was pleasing. Mr. Ole-Cart was smart, but not smart enough to avoid masking other important figures on the stage. The subject matter of this home-made play compared more than favorably

## MY GLANDS

It seems my glands are all gone wrong  
Though goiter ain't developed,  
But still I'll bet they ain't so bad  
As her's who told me of it.

When things ain't going as they should  
When life's completely screwy,  
And when the girl friend turns me down  
My glands have all gone foey.

The girl who told me 'bout my glands,  
Or wrote it in The Gateway,  
Ought to eat her mush and bran  
And see her doctor straightway.

## GARNEAU BAKERY

10860-82nd Ave.

"Up to Your Ankles" in

SUEDE

And ankle deep in chic. Perforations and stitchings flatter the smart suedes shown by STERLING. Alluring and wearable, every shoe in the Sterling collection is an outstanding value. "Come in and see them some time."



\$3.00

TO

\$8.00

STERLING SHOES, LTD.

10125 101st Street

Phone 27433

## ART MUSIC, LTD.

FRATKIN BROS.

We carry a complete stock of Classical and Popular Music Victor and Blue Bird Records Victor and Sparton Radios Orchestras Teachers' Supplies and Drum Supplies Mail Orders Our Specialty 10127 101st St. Edmonton Phone 27260

## BIRKS

\$1.00

## PIPE

Virgin Briar  
All Shapes  
In Velour Bag

JASPER at 104th STREET

PHONE 23456

## McNEILL'S 50c TAXI

HEATED SEDANS

We Invite You to Enjoy  
OUR DINING ROOM SERVICE

Phone 27106 for Reservations

## CORONA HOTEL

## PRINCESS THEATRE

SHOWING: SATURDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY

HIT No. 1: SLIM SUMMERVILLE and ZASU PITTS in

"They Just Had To Get Married"

AND

HIT No. 2: KAY FRANCIS in

"The Keyhole"

Please Note: Continuous Performance on Saturday from 2 p.m. to 11 p.m.

COMING: WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY

HIT No. 1: ALICE BRADY in

"Broadway To Hollywood"

AND

HIT No. 2: CHARLIE RUGGLES in

"Mama Loves Papa"

## WANTED

PASSENGERS FOR

CALGARY BUS

SPECIAL RATES

\$5.00

RETURN

Apply Book Store



# THE SEASON ARRIVES--



And with it, white-bosomed males with black ties and wing collars, looking all too nonchalant in perfectly fitting tuxedos.



Our clothes, made to order, for delivery in ten days, start at \$23.00

## ALLARD'S

SMART TAILORING

10022 Jasper Avenue Phone 25392  
Opposite Royal Bank

### "DRAMAT SOC. PRESENTS WOOLWORTH PROGRAM"

(Continued from Page Five)  
a matter of fact, in previous productions the lighting under the able guidance of Ralph Lee was a thing of beauty and merit. We feel compelled to ask, "What has happened to this equipment and where was Mr. Lee?" The light, at times non-existent, was never imaginative, and seldom adequate.

We trust that the participants enjoyed themselves immensely. The only pleasure we were able to derive from this junior high school Friday afternoon entertainment was that derived from our sense of relief at its completion.

### STIRRING CONTROVERSY AROUSED BY PLEA FOR NAZI SYMPATHY

(Continued from Page One)  
Dr. Hennings touched lightly on the topic of racial prejudice and persecution, but the question was brought up very strongly at the conclusion of the address, when the meeting was thrown open for questions.

Max Wershof read selections from an authorized English version of Hitler's book, "My Account," to the effect that "if the Jew with the help of his Marxian creed succeeds in overrunning Germany and eventually other western nations, it will mean the end of humanity, and by fighting against the Jews I do the Lord's work." The quotation also attributed to Hitler said of democracy, "none but a Jew can value an institution which is as dirty and false as he is himself." The speaker suggested that there were probably more vile passages than were quoted, in the untranslated edition.

Dr. Hennings, in reply to the speaker stated that "the original can be purchased anywhere in Europe, so there would be no sense in deleting favorite parts." Referring to the words, "the Lord's works," he said: "I have heard the same language from other sources. It seems to be the language of men in high positions."

The audience appreciated the neatly turned comment and applauded.

In reply to the actual context of the question, the speaker said that the Jews had come to Germany from the east since the war, and were filling the key positions of the nation far out of proportion to their numerical rating. He expressed the opinion that the German people ought to be allowed to fulfill their own national ideals, and members of the Jewish race might not necessarily feel in sympathy with those ideals. The speaker had previously stated that many of the "atrocious stories" were an insult to the intellect of a human being if he were expected to believe them. He attributed them, in reply to questions put later, to Jewish propaganda on the part of newspapers influenced by Jewish interests.

Dr. Sonet pointed out that such a reliable paper as the Manchester Guardian had withdrawn its sympathies from Germany, and that that would seem to show there was some basis of fact in the stories. However, Dr. Sonet thanked the speaker for "the charming manner in which he has presented his cause."

Dr. Alexander confronted the speaker with a quotation from a volume which he had brought with him, but Dr. Hennings, who had never read the book or heard of the man in question, was unable to answer the question. The reading of the quotation was preceded by a short by-play of words between the two, culminating in the lecturer's remark, "O, I thought you had a

### "CRY HAVOC!"

(Continued from Page Five)  
still are repeating his beautiful but dangerous war sonnets; but we have had also Siegfried Sassoon. When the next war comes it may be harder to stampede the youth of England, or of any other nation into it. The last war was fought to end war, he asserts in his "Letters to a Young Man"; if we fight again we mock at the men who are dead in Flanders.

There he takes his stand. But while we may admire the conclusion, and agree with it, it is not of much value to work to such a conclusion on pure sentiment. Beverley Nichols is not cold-blooded in his thinking—the facts serve only to make him hysterical—he will not face the whole issue. The milk of human kindness may serve to solve all our difficulties, but no one has discovered where it can be procured in large enough quantities. He suggests education against war as a method, but education has been notoriously slow; he does not deal with the actual reasons for a war in modern Europe, but only in external, e.g., armaments; he does not treat of the constant menace of economic nationalism; he does not speak of a clash of color. Without which his book cannot be as convincing as it might.

JOHN GARRETT.

### INTERFAC. TITLE DECIDED ON ROUGE BY MC CONNEL

(Continued from Page Four)  
Here a costly fumble resulted in the loss of the ball. Under the cover of a snowstorm raised by their teammates in the line of scrimmage, the Meds pulled one of their own dark plays, or maybe under the cover of darkness they pulled a play; nobody will ever know. The result was that MacDonald got away with the ball for a thirty-yard gain until an Engineer in the backfield saw him coming from behind a snow-cloud and accosted him. Science men, on again getting possession of the soaked pigskin, started for a touchdown. About this time the ball was seen to strike a goal-post, and it turned out that the game was then in the last quarter. Some time under the cover of darkness the teams changed ends. Another unsolved mystery.

Coach Cooper, of the Medical Hopes, who had been following the play up and down the side lines on his skis (not, whispering oskies), was seen to discard his coat, hat and maybe his skis. The Meds started a drive for victory. A lone figure darted hither and yon on the wrong side of the Engineers' line of scrimmage, i.e., from an Engineer's point of view. He was tackled. That pass! Cooper receives. That run! Then the anti-climax. Kelly had struck out. Cooper had neglected to report. The Meds were penalized. So went the ball game in the blast of a whistle. The ghost has walked through the snow to return no more for another year. Still and quiet though it is, the grid seems to echo: "We are the Engineers with forty beers and a one-nothing win over the Meds."

book in your hands," the students' laughter, and Dr. Alexander's comment, "Your business as an answerer is to answer, not to make remarks about the speaker." Then the quotation was read.

The by-play seemed to have brought home upon the students the fact that they in their questionings were treating the invited speaker somewhat harshly, and from then on marked deference and courtesy was shown him in the questionings, most of which were answered in the above account.

### FICTION—TRAVEL

(Continued from Page Five)

"All the townfolk were out. No doubt they had heard Vesuvius clasp over the hills, and had rightly concluded that another poor sap had been duped by their innkeeper. They seemed to expect us. Yes, indeed! Quite ready for the grand entrance!"

"Three men had dashed into the road a few hundred yards ahead, and now with amazing skill—they were practised, then—stretched a huge net above it from side to side. As I tore on a thundering voice bellowed, 'Ahoy! Top o' Vesuvius! Le' go mane and ears. Swing amid air, straighten out and flop over.'"

"I followed the lucid commands mechanically, and felt myself somersaulted into space, execute several pirouettes and crash upside down into the mesh. Vesuvius rolled baleful eyes skywards and, as I did not descend within the allotted time, back-tracked."

"Then the three men flung lasso after lasso about the stubborn beast, which just stood there and glared—waiting until I should strike his back. I silently thanked God that the net was strong."

"As soon as the nag was securely trussed up the chattering crowd dispersed."

"I guess," said one of the big rope and net men, stroking his stubby chin, "I guess thar's time to send ol' Ves' back afore noon."

"Back?" I moaned.

"Ay!"

"To that worm of an innkeeper, that red-nosed beast of a—?"

"Ay!"

"But he'll fool another poor fish with that erupting killer, Vesuvius."

"Ay." There was a ring of contentment in his voice.

"You encourage him, I accused."

"Wall! We do an' we don't. Ya see, e'ry time ol' Ves' comes snortin' along we kinder has some excitement, d'ya see? We bets like on how long the feller atop can stick it. Rare sport, I calls it." He stalked away coiling a heavy rope tenderly.

"Now, laugh, will you? Oh, my back!"

### THE GATEWAY'S LOST, FOUND and PERSONAL ADS.

Rate, 25c per advertisement

Manager: ED. DAVIDSON

#### LOST

LOST—In Joe's Tuck, on Tuesday last, a man's grey fedora hat. Initials I.B.K. stamped in band. Reward. Return to Gateway Office.

LOST—In Arts Library, a Sheaffer's White Dot Fountain Pen. No name or marks. Finder please leave with Miss Dickson, Librarian.

LOST—Between Pembina and the Med Building, a Green Silk Scarf with embroidered initials 'C.A.P.' Finder please leave in Gateway Office.

#### COUGHLIN'S

## The Capitol

BEAUTY PARLORS

Edmonton's Oldest and Largest Permanent Waving Staff

#### DANCING

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

#### TIVOLI

ADMISSION

Tuesdays and Thursdays

Gentlemen 25c, Ladies 15c

Saturdays

Gentlemen 35c, Ladies 25c

Phone 21522 or 22808

Parties may reserve tables at no extra charge  
Refreshments are now being served

Edmonton's Favorite for Dance and Party Refreshments



## VELVET ICE CREAM

In Dixies, or there's a dozen delicious Layer Brick and Mixed Fruit Creations.

Phone 25151

NOVELTY MOULDS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

GET THE HABIT OF CALLING

## McFarlane 50 cent Taxi

PHONE 25337

50c

5-Passengers to Centre of City

50c

We Appreciate Your Patronage

FRANK

LEO

BUD

### Hart House String Quartette



Will appear in Convocation Hall, November 16th. Gallery tickets for students, 50c, will be available until November 11th.

#### Edmonton Hat Cleaners

And Shoe Shine Parlors  
We clean and block hats satisfactorily

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hats of any kind made larger or smaller

Country orders solicited too  
We have been in business for 15 years

Phone 26934. 10121 101st St.

#### SPORTING GOODS

We carry everything in the line of Sporting Goods at very moderate prices

## UNCLE BEN'S EXCHANGE

Est. 1912. Phone 22057

## ST. JOSEPH'S CAFETERIA

offers

# Improved Facilities

for the

# Convenience and Accommodation of its Patrons